God keepe you from them and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maire.
Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no, *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene, your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace:
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.
Buc. You are too senceleese obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and Traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then take him from then
You breake no priuiledg
Oft haue I heard of Sanct
But sanctuary children n
Car. My Lord, you sh
Come one Lord *Hasting*
Hast. I goe my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords mak
Say Vncle *Gloucester*, if ou
Where shall we sojourne
Glo. Where it thinkst
If I may counsell you som
Your highnesse shall repo
Then where you please a
For your best health and
Prin. I doe not like the
Did *Iullius Cæsar* build th
Buc. He did my graciou
Which since succeeding ag
Prin. Is it vpon record
Successiuely from age to a
Buc. Vpon record my g
Prin. But say my Lord
Me thinkes the truth shou
As twere retaild to all po
Euen to the generall endi
Glo. So wise, so young, th
Prin. What say you Vnc
Glo. I say with out Cara
That like the formall vice, i
I moralize two meanings
Prin. That *Iulius Cæser*
With what his valour did
His wit set downe to mak
Death makes no conquest
For now he liues in fame,
Ile tell you what my Cou
Buc. What my gracious
Prin. And if I liue vntill